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Administrators Sale of Real Property

In the County Court for the County of Linn, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of J. W. Compton, Deceased. Notice of Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Executors of the estate of J. W. Compton, deceased, will, pursuant to the terms of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, offer for sale, the following described premises, to-wit:

Beginning at the Southwest corner of the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 18, in Township ten (10) South of Range One West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, running thence North 13 rods; thence East 30 rods; thence South 13 rods; thence West 30 rods to the place of beginning, containing 3.27 acres of land more or less, situated in Linn County, Oregon.

That said Executors will sell said lands at private sale and will receive bids therefor up to and including the 17th day of March, 1917. Said bids can be made by letter deposited in the post-office directed to either of the undersigned at their postoffice addresses or by personal bids made to either of said Executors.

Dated this 26th day of February, 1917.

G. W. Compton, Lebanon, Ore.
Henry Kinsler, Crabtree, Ore.
Executors of the Estate of J. W. Compton, Deceased.

When in need of anything in the way of job work, call and see us. We do first-class work at reasonable prices.

A UNIFORM SURPRISE

Story of the American Revolution Laid In General Washington's Southernmost Command.

By ETHEL HOLMES

General Washington, commander in chief of the patriot forces during the American Revolution, had a very large territory to watch over. True, the revolting colonies all lay on the Atlantic coast, but they reached from Maine on the north to Georgia on the south, inclusive, and it must also be remembered that the only method of conveyance on land in those days was the legs of a man or those of other animals, principally the horse.

Naturally Washington was obliged to rely on his lieutenants in different sections. In South Carolina General Marion was carrying on a hide and seek warfare with British troops under Colonel Tarleton, an energetic young cavalry officer.

One evening a man stopped at the plantation of John Rutledge, a cotton planter, and asked if he could be lodged for the night. All the men of the family were with Marion, the "Swamp Fox," as he was called, the only inmates of the manor house being Mrs. Rutledge and her daughter, Kate. At the time of the stranger's coming Kate was on the gallery, and it was of her that he made his request. He wore the clothes of a poor white man, but there were indications that he was a gentleman.

"We are patriots in this house, sir," said Kate, "and my father, who is fighting for our independence, charged us to admit no one who favored the British cause. If you are one of us you are welcome to what we have to give; if not, we must decline to receive you."

The young man did not reply immediately to this. When he did he said: "To make truthful assurance that I am a patriot would be impossible. I can only say this: If I receive your hospitality you need have no fear that I will abuse it. I promise you that no harm shall come to any one in this house through me."

There was a look on the man's face that betokened he was in fear of something. Besides, he looked tired and hungry. Miss Rutledge being a woman, the stranger excited her commiseration. There was an unmistakable sincerity in his words. She yielded so far as to invite him in to partake of a meal, reserving her decision as to further entertainment till later. A negro cook was soon preparing a supper, while the stranger, having turned his horse over to a black stableman, was in an upper chamber getting rid of South Carolina dust.

When his supper was ready he was summoned by a quadron house servant. Kate Rutledge felt that she should be present with the guest at supper, but since his dress betokened that he was of inferior social grade and he seemed to have Tory sympathies she felt it beneath her dignity to do so. As soon as he had eaten he called for her and said:

"If you will permit me to occupy the meanest of your chambers for the night I will go forth at dawn without disturbing you or any of the household. If you insist upon my moving on I will sleep under the stars. Which course shall I take?"

This was too much for Miss Rutledge's education in hospitality, and she permitted the man to remain in the house. As soon as she had given her consent he retired to his chamber, saying that he had had no sleep for some time and since he must be off early could not now take a full night's rest. In thanking his hostess for her kindness to him it seemed to her that for the moment he forgot himself and fell into the manner of a gentleman. At any rate, she suspected that he was of higher grade than his coarse coat and breeches and woolen stockings betokened. However, there was not enough incongruity between the manner and the clothes to make much of an impression on her.

A few hours later when Miss Rutledge was about to prepare for bed she heard a loud knocking below and, taking a candle, went down to see who might be seeking admittance. Opening the door, there stood a young man in the uniform of a captain in the Continental army. He entered hurriedly, closed the door behind him and said:

"Hide me, Kate, quick! I was captured this afternoon by the British and escaped this evening. They are after me."

"Won't they search every nook and corner?"

"I fear they will."

"Wouldn't you have a better chance in a disguise?"

"What disguise have you for me?"

Kate paused to think. "Father's

clothes," she said presently, "are too large for you, and Arthur's are too small. A stranger came to the house this evening and asked for food and lodging. He is about your size. If you could use his clothes they would serve you admirably."

"Where is he?"

"Asleep upstairs."

"I'll go and see what I can do with him."

The officer was Captain Stringfellow, the fiancé of Kate Rutledge. He ascended to the stranger's chamber, awakened him and said to him:

"My friend, I would like to borrow your clothes."

The man, seeing an officer in Continental uniform, looked surprised.

"If I lend you my clothes I shall have nothing to wear."

"As soon as it is daylight Miss Rutledge will send out for apparel for you."

"And if there is delay I suppose I can wear your uniform?"

"Certainly!"

"In that case you are welcome to my clothes. But I suppose you will not need them till tomorrow?"

"Indeed I shall. I need them now."

"Very well; take them."

While Stringfellow was dressing his uniform and putting on the citizen's clothes the latter asked him what it all meant. The captain told him of his capture by the British and his escape and that he expected pursuers might arrive at any moment and search the house for him. The stranger listened to all this intently, but made no comment.

"By the bye," said Stringfellow, suddenly remembering that if the man were so disposed he might betray him, "which side are you on?"

"Never mind that. I shall do you no harm or any one else in this house. That I promised the young lady who kindly took me in, fed me and gave me a bed for the night."

When Stringfellow had changed his clothes the stranger said that if men came to the house to make a search he would prefer to be up and about. So he arose, put on the captain's uniform and went downstairs with him. Kate Rutledge received the two men in the great hall, used principally for a living room, and, seeing the stranger in the uniform of an American officer, was not only surprised at his costume, but that in such apparel he appeared far more gentlemanlike than ever before. Besides, he greeted her with the manner of a born aristocrat.

"Do you not fear," she said, "that in this uniform if British soldiers come they will make a prisoner of you?"

"If they do I will prove that I am not an American officer."

"But that will betray Captain Stringfellow. They will surmise at once that he has changed clothes with you."

"Never fear for that. I will not reveal the true situation until there is no danger of betraying him. You kindly took me in and gave me meat, drink and shelter. No one in this house shall suffer through me."

The three chatted together, the stranger being informed as to the relation between the other two, and the lady's name. But he gave no information about himself. His change from a poor white man to a gentleman would have excited the curiosity of Stringfellow and his fiancée had it not been that they were momentarily expecting a party of British soldiers to look for the American.

Presently sounds of horses' hoofs announced the coming of the pursuers. A voice without was heard detailing a sergeant and six men to search the house, while the rest rode on. Then the door was thrown open and the searchers entered.

"Come, come, sergeant!" said the guest in a tone of authority. "When you enter a dwelling of gentlefolk use the knocker."

The sergeant looked at the speaker in a puzzled way, then suddenly stood erect and saluted.

"What means this, Major Thorndyke? How comes you to be in a rebel uniform?"

"What is your business here?" asked the major instead of replying.

"We captured a rebel captain this afternoon. He escaped, and we are following him. I have the orders of the lieutenant commanding to search this house."

"And you have now the orders of Major Thorndyke to retire from this house and leave it undisturbed."

The sergeant looked for an explanation to follow the words, but since no explanation was vouchsafed he saluted and retired with his men. However, as he was about to close the door behind him Major Thorndyke ordered him to ride on and recall the searchers.

During this scene Stringfellow and Miss Rutledge looked on with increasing wonder. As soon as the soldiers had gone the guest turned to them and said:

"You see, captain, that I have kept my word. You are as safe here from the king's troops as if you were at General Marion's headquarters. If there are rebel troops about I am in far more danger than you. Three days ago I left Colonel Tarleton's headquarters in the disguise you now wear with a view to gaining information as

to the "Swamp Fox's" lair, that we might trap him. I failed and was working my way back to where I belong through this country, where the king's troops and the Continentals are both roving, when a few hours ago I asked food and shelter of Miss Rutledge. She gave them to me, and I verily believe in her kindness of heart if I had been discovered here by your men she would have protected me. You must admit, captain, that I risked something in donning your uniform, for had your men instead of mine come here I would have been hanged for a spy. You are at liberty to get back into it and without danger from our troops so long as I am with you."

The evening was finished with refreshments ordered from the larder by Miss Rutledge, after which all retired to their rooms. In the morning Captain Stringfellow appeared in his uniform, and Major Thorndyke, having sent a trooper for his own regimentals, presented himself at breakfast in proper apparel. After the meal had been finished Captain Stringfellow was sent under a flag of truce to General Marion's army.

Tiny Jethou Island.

Jethou Island is not only the smallest of the Channel Islands, but also the smallest inhabited island in Europe. In all its little length and breadth there is only one inhabited house.

Jethou lies midway between Guernsey and Sark and affords a perfect retreat from the world. It has a population of about seven, is without roads of any sort and has no post. Being surrounded by submerged and partly submerged rocks, it is impossible for the island to be visited by vessels of any size, so all communication with the outside world is carried on by means of a tiny sailing cutter.

In winter the good folks of Jethou sometimes have no news of any of the happenings of the outside world for weeks at a time, and yet Guernsey is only a couple of miles off. — London Mail.

A Scandal Averted.

Little Gertrude had been very naughty and had been severely slapped, first by the nurse and then by mother, with a promise of another dose from father when he came home.

She sat on the floor, her eyes filled with angry tears. Suddenly she rose with a determined look upon her little face, and seized her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Out to tell the family secrets to the neighbors," said the child firmly.

But she didn't go. — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

What She Asked For.

Uncle Jack, who was visiting them from the west, wished to talk to Elizabeth's father at his office. He could not find the telephone directory and thus appealed to three-year-old Elizabeth for information regarding the phone number. "Elizabeth, what does mother ask for when she talks to daddy at his office?"

Elizabeth was wise for her days.

"Money," she lisped.

Following Their Example.

"Why don't you go to your friends when you want to borrow money?"

"I have been to them, but just at present they are all hard pressed, they say."

"Then count me among your friends. Their judgment on you is good enough for me." — Detroit Free Press.

Possible Substitute.

"Nothing can ever take your place," cooed the bride.

"Nothing, dear?"

"That is, perhaps, except adequate alimony." — Kansas City Journal.

Something Accomplished.

"My wife went to a beauty doctor to have her complexion cleared."

"Well, was it?"

"No, but my pocketbook was." — Baltimore American.

He who is made by an opportunity is usually the one who made the opportunity.

Posset.

The proper meaning of the word "posset," frequently used in Lancashire, England, is a drink taken before going to bed. Originally it was milk curdled with wine and comes from the Latin posca, meaning a drink made with vinegar and water.

Highly Necessary.

"Why is the official spelling of government with a big G?"

"Because they could hardly begin government without a capital." — Baltimore American.

Mean!

"Pa, what is spending money?"

"Any coin your mother gets hold of, my boy." — Detroit Free Press.

Now They Don't Speak.

Beas—If I were in your shoes— Jess—Don't talk of impossibilities — Boston Transcript.

Any time is the proper time for saying what is just. — Greek Proverb.

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